

# The Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1834.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.  
NINTH AND GRAND AVENUE.

**Subscription Rates:** By carriers, per week, 10 cents; per month, 45 cents. By mail, daily and Sunday, one month, \$2.00; three months, \$5.00; six months, \$9.00; one year, \$16.00. Daily only, six months, \$1.50; one year, \$3.00. Sunday only, six months, 50 cents; one year, \$1.00. Tri-Weekly Journal (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday), six months, 75 cents; one year, \$1.50.

**Advertising:** For advertising rates, write to the home office, or to the J. E. Van Doren Special Agency, offices 905-906 Boyce building, Chicago, and 21-22 Tribune building, New York, agent for foreign advertising.

Entered at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, for transmission through the mails, as second class matter.

## Weather Forecast for Sunday.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Partly clear weather, followed by fair; much cooler; southerly winds, becoming northwest. For Missouri: Rain; southerly gale; warmer during the day; much cooler Sunday night or Monday morning. For Kansas: Showers; southerly winds, shifting to northwesterly; much cooler. For Nebraska: Rain; clearing Sunday afternoon; southerly cool, variable winds, becoming northwesterly.

## POPULIST FALSE PRETENSES.

No other Populist orator now campaigning in Kansas comes up to Attorney General Boyle in the free use of transparent demagoguery. The whole burden of Mr. Boyle's speech is that the Populist party is an organization of the masses, while the Republican party is an organization of the classes. If one had no other information from which to form a judgment he might be led to believe that the Kansas people really are divided along the lines which he indicates, whereas, in truth, the division is, as everybody with any sense knows, purely a political one and is not based on the interests of one class against another.

The intent of Mr. Boyle is to make the ignorant or thoughtless believe that the Republican party is the refuge and the hope of all those who expect to gain great riches through a process of bleeding the people. On the other hand he pictures the Populist party as composed of those who are determined to clip the wings of corporations and make the rich bow down wherever found. He does not make this a national issue, but a state issue, and, therefore, we are forced to treat it as such.

In the first place the people composing the Kansas Republican party are exactly of the class composing the Kansas Populist party. In both parties will be found corporation officials, bankers, merchants, farmers, mechanics, laborers and professional men. A microscopic examination will not show a distinction so far as employment are concerned. There is no interest possessed by one party as a whole that is not possessed by the other party. There is no legislation which might be enacted in the interests of the people assembled in one party that would not apply as favorably or as injuriously to the people assembled in the other party. The same kind and class of people control the destinies of both parties and it is ridiculous to talk of one representing the masses while the other represents something else.

The difference between the parties, for difference there is, is not based so much on what ought to be done as on how it ought to be done. It is just as much to the interest of the Republicans of Kansas to repress corporation injustice or capitalist excesses as it can be to the Populists. On the one hand, the Republicans desire to proceed with fairness and decency. From their standpoint it is just as dishonorable to rob a corporation or a rich man as it would be for a corporation or a rich man to rob the people. They believe that questions regarding the rights or abuses of capital should be adjusted fairly to all concerned, and this is not sentiment or an opinion, for thirty years of Republican rule in Kansas has shown how the party keeps the faith in works. There is hardly a state in the Union that by law has so thoroughly adjusted the relations existing between the rich and poor, for the regulation of railroads. The laws for the protection of labor are well nigh perfect. Corporations, banks, insurance companies, capitalist or monopolistic institutions of every kind have been brought under control of the state, and the man who can say that the Republican party does not believe in protecting the weak against the strong must be ignorant of its achievements in the state of Kansas.

On the other hand what does the Populist party stand for? Almost the same thing in principle, but for something very different in method. After conjuring up a lot of real or fancied grievances against capital it took the field with the avowed intention of collecting the fruits of cupidity. It promised the people extravagant things, and threatened reprisals so manifestly unfair that no one could be bold enough to carry the threats out. Instead of going moderately about the correction of evils as they might be found, it stormed and raved and filled the air with intemperate declarations. It is not surprising then that its achievements have consisted principally in failing to do what it promised to do—a failure which was the natural sequence of promising things which were neither reasonable nor right. Up to the present time it is able to set up, for contrast with the magnificent line of Republican accomplishments but four things, and these are the four things which are now receiving the exclusive attention of Mr. Boyle and the other Populist orators. One is a law which drove the great stock yards out of Kansas and into Missouri. This is admitted to be a failure, and it is proposed to rectify matters by starting the cattle into the cattle business on its own account. The second is a school book law which yet remains to be tested to prove its merits. The third is a vigorous assault by the Kansas insurance department on all reputable companies—doing business within the boundaries of the state. Up to this date the only results visible have been the driving of some of the best companies in the world away from Kansas and the extortion of huge sums of money which appear to have gone into the private purses of the insurance commissioner. The fourth and last of the Populist claims is a law governing the manner in which coal shall be weighed, and compelling the mine operators to pay in cash instead of scrip.

Properly speaking there were but three laws passed by the late Populist legislature which may be considered as directed against the classes and in favor of the masses. After all the Populist howl about

the necessity of reform in this direction they found on coming to power that the Republicans had so thoroughly covered the ground that there remained only an opportunity to change the school books, to drive out the stock yards and to pass a law of doubtful advantage to the coal miners. It seems to form an uncommonly fine compliment for the thirty years of Republican legislation.

When the record made by this first and only Populist legislature is put under examination it would seem to yield plenty of evidence that the Populist party was the easy vehicle through which the money class controlled Kansas legislation. It appears to have been proved that Populist legislators were purchased very cheaply to vote for or against any measure in which the lobby felt an interest. After the people of Kansas had declared for a bill regulating the railroads in a certain way the same lobby influence seems to have been strong enough to induce a Populist governor to destroy the legislation with his veto. Nevertheless it would not be fair to charge the Populist party with being the particular champion of capital. These things came about because the Populist party was organized on false premises and because it became the rendezvous of demagogues and charlatans who pushed themselves into office and betrayed the people. However, it would be no more unfair than is the oratory of Mr. Boyle and other Populist campaigners who are trying to humbug the ignorant with their chatter about one political division of the Kansas people standing up for the masses while the other division is devoted to the classes.

## CARNIVAL WEEK.

Kansas City's annual celebration is again at hand. The festivities will begin on Tuesday evening with the payment of the Priests of Pallas, the original carnival organization, and this demonstration will be followed by the Flower parade, the Priests of Pallas ball, and the parade of the Carnival Krewes, in the order named.

The spectacles and diversions that make up this elaborate programme stand for much that is interesting to the public and creditable to the city. They are the products of an enterprising people, whose good cheer and generosity are the outgrowth of the happy conditions under which they live. They indicate a lively prosperity in the business element of the city, which, of course, is the city's very foundation. They reveal a high order of taste. All that is beautiful, gay or fantastic in them has passed the judgment of men who are accomplished in the art of pleasing the people.

These offerings, furthermore, denote the friendly relations existing between Kansas City and the large surrounding territory of which it is the metropolis. Kansas City depends upon the territory for her trade and her raw materials, and the territory, in turn, looks upon this center as its most important market. The city may not go to the country, but the country may come to the city, for the latter is centralized. The annual festivities afford an opportunity for the exchange of courtesies between the two elements that are working together for the upbuilding of the great Southwest. The season is the most appropriate of the year, coming between the harvest and the snow.

This week's carnival promises to surpass all previous ones. The several organizations that have been preparing the programme have been energetic and untiring, and are said to have evolved much that will prove startlingly original and exceedingly entertaining. If general prosperity justifies expectations of a generous reciprocity on the part of the country, then the attendance this year should exceed by far that of any previous year. For this reason, singularly blessed with beautiful crops and profitable prices. The carnival of 1898 should be memorable.

## MR. CAMPBELL'S SUCCESSOR.

While there is much regret over the resignation of Mr. Charles Campbell from the board, especially at a time when his distinguished services in that body are about to bear their richest fruit, there must be very general satisfaction over the appointment of Mr. J. K. Burnham as his successor. Mr. Burnham has been prominently identified with the leading business interests of Kansas City, has been conspicuous in the progressive organizations of the municipality, and has evinced the kind of public spirit best calculated to produce the permanent improvement and ultimate prosperity of the city. He is heartily in sympathy with the park movement and in accord with the work of the board thus far. His appointment will meet the cordial approval of all friends of progress.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

The editors of the Outlook are having an interesting time trying to defend Dr. Lyman Abbott's position regarding the resurrection of Jesus. The good doctor has claimed, as we suppose the great majority of Christians believe, that Jesus was resurrected in the identical body which died on the cross. But he is not willing to admit that the rest of us are so to be resurrected. Here he supports himself by Paul's language about the "spiritual body." And when it comes to the ascension he, too, shifts his cargo, so to speak, and claims that it was only a "spiritual body" which rose into heaven, otherwise he would have a material body to deal with. Now comes an anxious inquirer who wants to know what became of the common material which was resurrected but did not ascend. It is requested to make out what the editor thinks of the answer in the issue of September 24th, he ought to receive an appointment somewhere as special interpreter.

Mr. Arthur Smith has written an article in the Gentleman's Magazine to prove that plants have a brain power. It appears that he means rather nervous force, for he does not attempt to prove the existence of brain or ganglia. Mr. Smith does not produce new facts in his field, but only attempts to re-arrange the known facts and suggest his conclusion. His best arguments are: Plants sleep and manifest exhaustion when deprived of sleep; but sleep is the rest of the nervous organism. Second: Certain carnivorous plants digest; but animal digestion can be carried on only by means of brain force acting through a nerve upon the gastric glands; hence we may infer the same force for the same process in plants. It is an interesting hypothesis. But perhaps the best argument of all is the impossibility of telling where nervous power disappears if we begin with man and go down the scale.

Reverend Smith Baker is a watchman of Zion who has a horn and means to let it be heard. In a recent installation at Lowell he emphasized the point that the church and not the minister is responsible under Congregational polity for the preservation of sound doctrine. Among other things he

said: "If ever an evil spirit should so far possess the minister that he should teach men that somewhere, somehow, sometime, no matter what they believe or do, all will be well, then let him go to his place, it there is a place for the restless soul of such a one in the increasing darkness of rationalism." For the man who takes advantage of the liberty of the evangelical pulpit to preach his own religious dreams, contrary to the creed of the church which has called him, is neither spiritually consecrated nor morally honest." This is very plain language, and Mr. Baker seems to be very much in earnest. He would not have installed Mr. Long at North Cambridge.

A church member reproaches himself and his organization because not more good work is done among prisoners, and points to the great success of the Salvation Army in prison work. Every one feels that prisoners ought not to be excluded as they are from the better influences of society and church. Everyone recognizes the fact that only fortuitous circumstances have made the difference between most of those behind prison bars and great numbers of those outside. But this leads us to call attention to certain functions of the church which are not always recognized. The church is an institution not only for reclaiming men and making them better, but for keeping them decent when they are so, and for guaranteeing their characters to the world. These latter functions may not have been contemplated by Christ or the apostles, but they exist. They are fulfilled but imperfectly, yet they are of immense value. It is these functions which make it impossible for the church to treat convicted wrongdoers like other people.

Dr. J. Agar Peet, an English Methodist, has been busking in scolding water this summer as a result of a book entitled "The Last Things," in which he expresses a leaning to the doctrine of conditional immortality. He speaks of "the baseness of the popular doctrine of the intrinsic and endless permanence of the human soul," for which he finds no sufficient warrant in Scripture. But the Wesleyan conference put a kettle on the fire for the doctor, and after sufficient stewing he promised not to publish any more editions of his book and not to teach his views on this subject to his students. But the Outlook, curiously enough, is not satisfied with the doctor's action, and reproaches him for not having made for himself "other ecclesiastical relations" or standing alone if need were.

The national council of education has appointed a committee of fifteen eminent educators "to investigate the whole subject of the establishment of a national university and report to the council at its next meeting." This would seem to promise good results. But there is some question whether men need to be eminent educators in order to be competent to pass judgment on the scheme. Some active educators there should certainly be on such a committee. But if its conclusions are to carry weight with the nonprofessional world there should also be some men in the business of educating. Educated men certainly the committee should be, but not all educators. For these may fairly be depended on to be prejudiced by their tastes or their interests or against the national university. But we are assured by the council that the committee will deal with the subject from an entirely unprejudiced standpoint. That makes it all right.

It has been suggested from more than one source that the impelling motive in the action of many destructive anarchists, in such a crime as that of the murder of the empress of Austria, for instance, is love of notoriety. No sane man could conclude that the murder of such an amiable and generally beloved woman would help the cause of popular rights and popular freedom. And so the problem is being considered how to suppress the love of notoriety. Certainly not by teaching, for such a morbid appetite is only fed by attention whether favorable or unfavorable. Unless physiologists can locate the function in the brain and have its organ rendered, the only cure would seem to be an international agreement to suppress notoriety itself. If it were absolutely guaranteed that the name of an assassin or other infamous criminal would not go beyond the precinct in which his crime was committed, it may fairly be assumed that crimes would not be committed for the sake of notoriety. But there is also a dangerous side to such suppression.

Great preparations are making for the pilgrimage of the German emperor to the Holy Land. It is announced, of course, that he is prompted by pure piety and the desire to secure in Christian hands the chamber of the Last Supper. The emperor's attendants are to be provided with a special uniform, including a revolver and a drinking flask, while the emperor himself will wear some of the forty costumes which he has tried and in which he has had himself photographed for the purpose. It is a curious phase of the matter that other crusades have been made under the auspices of the pope, but this one is undertaken under the patronage of the sultan of Turkey, who is cleaning house vigorously against the Kaiser's visit. Some of the latter's enemies hint that he is really going to Palestine to look for good military positions from which to descend upon the whole of Syria. Talking of the love of notoriety, by the way.

Professor Fairhurst, of Kentucky university, has just administered the coup de grace to something of that sort to the theory of evolution. It is not quite fair for the professor to attack the poor old theory given before it had recovered from the shock given it by Brother Jasper, of South Carolina. But the South has been quite united in its hostility to the doctrine of descent, and perhaps it was not to be wondered at that another blow should come from the same quarter. Professor Fairhurst has decided after a careful examination of the universe that not less than half a dozen distinct flats were required to bring it up to its present stage. He also agrees with the late Hugh Miller that the "days" of Genesis were indefinite periods of time. Evidently Mr. Fairhurst thinks that it takes some time to get ready for a flat. This consideration should be laid before the paper money folks.

## KANSAS TOPICS.

Kansas is the home of fine distinctions. The Dodge City Republican says Topeka's Honolulu queen makes up with loveliness what she lacks in beauty.

A McPherson county man justifies his indulgence in cocktails on the ground of patriotism, and notes the fact that Dewey started the fashion of taking something before breakfast.

The Wichita Eagle declares that Stanley

will go out of Sedgwick county with the largest majority ever given any candidate of any party, whether national, state or county.

The Solomon Sentinel tells of a woman of that town who has five children with blackheads falling in the same month. She strikes an average day and gives them all a big feast.

A more remarkable case still is reported by the same paper. Harry Leedy, a little boy of that town, has in the flesh and blood two great-grandfathers, one great-grandmother, two grandfathers and one grandmother, all of whom live in Solomon.

Despite the fear of a honey famine, Mr. Al Swan, of Seneca, has eighty-three stands of bees from which he expects to take 4,000 pounds of honey. In South Central Kansas the bees are said to be starving to death because the flowers are barren of nectar.

Captain Beck, editor of the Holton Recorder, says there is scarcely a day when he does not hear of one or more Jackson county Populists who have returned to the Republican faith. Captain Beck never says things unless he knows them to be true. He is one of those foolish, old-fashioned men who won't lie even in politics.

Dr. Rafter, chief surgeon of the Twentieth Kansas, appears to have secured a fine reputation among the troops at San Francisco. A soldier correspondent of the Fort Scott Monitor quotes Major John Goodale, of the Twenty-third regular infantry, as saying: "If I were taken down with typhoid fever I would send at once for Dr. Rafter, of the Twentieth Kansas. He has never lost a case of typhoid fever in the camp. He fills his patients with listerine, which seems to be a sure cure. I have heard also that he is very strict about the sanitary condition of his camp." This judgment on the Kansas doctor appears to be warranted by facts. There is little sickness in the Kansas regiment. In this respect it bears the best record of any regiment that has been in camp at San Francisco.

Empire Hawkins is the name of a Fort Scott boy with the colored troops in Cuba. He writes as follows: "The Cubans are half naked and nearly starved. I wouldn't take \$20 for my experience and trip. I bought a parrot in Santiago for 50 cents. The Ninth and Tenth cavalry are hot stuff here. All the Cubans are in love with the colored soldiers. We are strictly in it with the girls, but I can't tell whether they cuss me or not, for I can't understand them. I can't get cigarette papers here, and I am nearly dead for a smoke. Tell the boys to send me some."

Colonel John S. Holman died at the home of his daughter in Pottawatomie county the other day. He accumulated a large fortune in Noble county, O., and was rich when he entered the civil war as commander of an Ohio regiment. After the war he came to Kansas, where misfortune pursued him until his riches were all gone and he became forced to depend upon the care of his daughter. He was singularly conscientious. He stubbornly refused to apply for a pension, alleging that he came out of the war in good health and therefore was not entitled to his nation's bounty.

Charley Brenner, a member of Company M, of the Twentieth Kansas, is now visiting his parents in Ottawa county. He desires to give testimony against the yellow journals. He says the stories of the mistreatment of his regiment are maliciously false and that all of the boys are satisfied with their surroundings. For a short time, while Quartermaster Sergeant Young was getting away with them, there was a little shortage of certain provisions, but at no other time has there been cause for complaint. He says no regiment in the service has better officers than the Twentieth Kansas, and he makes no exception of Ed L. Battelle, who is becoming popular with his battalion. Young Brenner is a big and hearty fellow, and says that he is scarcely an exception among the boys of the best health—of all of which will be good news to something like 1,300 Kansas mothers.

Mention was made recently of a silver mine which Baile Waggener thought he had discovered in Atchison county. The story as told by Mr. Waggener is a curious one. He had been engaged to defend a farmer by the name of Joe Barber who was accused of a statutory offense along with a young woman of the neighborhood. He drove out to the Barber farm to consult with Mrs. Barber and while in the house noticed a tin pan full of rocks sitting on a window sill. Careless in picking up one of the rock fragments he inquired where it had come from. Mrs. Barber told him that in blasting at the bottom of their well Mr. Barber had gone through six feet of queer looking stone and that she had saved a few specimens of it. Looking closely Mr. Waggener became convinced that he held a bit of silver ore and he asked the privilege of taking some of it home. The woman told him he could have all that was in the pan and he carried it off, later sending it to an assayer at Omaha who electrified him by reporting that such ore would go \$1,500 in silver to the ton, besides yielding a large amount of copper. Mr. Waggener at once leased the Barber farm and now has a force of men sinking a shaft near the well whence the ore is alleged to have come. The common opinion in Atchison is that Mr. Waggener has been worked, but he does not think so himself. He says he stumbled on the ore by accident, that no one has tried to sell him anything and that the Barber has nothing to gain by deceiving him. Anyway he will soon know all about it for the shaft is going down rapidly.

This is a kindly old word and often those who perform good deeds receive rewards as generous as they are unexpected. One day last week little Miss Lola Beverly was going from school to her home in Burlingame when she noticed a car standing on the main track of the Santa Fe branch. She knew that a train might soon be expected and she walked out the track and along half a mile and flagged it when it came along. The engineer told her that the car had been left on the main track purposely and that he intended to pick it up as he went along. She begged his pardon for bringing the train to a stop and interfering with railroad business, but the engineer said he was just as much obliged as though she had really saved his train from collision. When Miss Beverly's performance became known to the town everybody joked her unmercifully and she began to feel pretty bad about it, but in a few days along came a nice letter from the Santa Fe superintendent in which she was thanked for her thoughtful act and asked to accept the enclosed annual pass, good for Miss Lola Beverly anywhere on the

Santa Fe system. Perhaps Miss Lola didn't put it back on her tormentors then.

For the past three months every superstitious soldier in the Twentieth Kansas has believed that his regiment was doomed. The regiment is in a somewhat awkward situation, politically, and it will be interesting to see whether he regards himself really as premier or as representative only of Quebec.

It was to San Francisco on three trains of thirteen coaches each and arrived there on Friday. It has been moved twice on Friday, paid once on Friday, and for more than a month was commanded by Governor Leedy's man Friday. Hoodooed? Why, of course it was!

## The Fraternizing of Blue and Gray.

Sedalia correspondent of the Globe-Democrat. "I think," said General H. H. McIntyre, ex-commander of the Missouri militia, at his home in General, Mo., two or three days ago, "that General Joseph Wheeler must be the happiest man in the United States to-day. He has had an opportunity to manifest his loyalty to his country."

"I know," continued the veteran, "that I would have given anything I have not for such a chance to show how I feel now." That was the sentiment that reached through the gauzy veil of Missouri ex-Confederates at Sedalia. There have been ex-Confederate reunions in Missouri, but never one which breathed of the spirit which this reunion was composed of. The good are compared to trees on a river's bank, where sustenance is plentiful, their roots striking deep into the rich soil and their branches bearing abundant fruit. The wicked are referred to as a barren soil whose roots are parched with thirst and whose branches bear nothing better than withered fruit.

I remember one summer afternoon spent in an orchard owned by a farmer. I was in that impressionable mood when one seems to be influenced by two worlds—the visible, which appeals to the senses, and the invisible, which appeals to the imagination. I was in God's larger temple, and unseen angels were swinging a censor which filled the air with the perfume of new mown hay and fragrant blossoms. The trees sheltered me from the sun, and symbol of a human life, and the lesson it taught I have never forgotten.

First, its roots sank deep in the soil and were hourly fed in the mysterious laboratory of nature. Just as the roots go down into the productive faith which nourishes it. The soil of that orchard was apparently commonplace, and even offensive, and in like manner the experiences of life are apparently unvaried and even repulsive. To look upon the happenings which have fallen to your lot, you naturally conclude that your life is hardly worth the living. No greatness is possible under such circumstances. The long and short of it is that you are not satisfied, for you do not fit your surroundings, and your surroundings do not fit you. The tree would say the same of the soil if it were gifted with speech and intelligence, for nothing can seem further away from a ripe apple than the spade of dirt. And yet, behold the tree engaged in its daily task. There are the green leaves, there are the blossoms, with a tint not to be found on any painter's palette, and in the end the tree produces its fruit will drop from the branches.

From your poor and ordinary life you can produce results which rival those of the tree when you learn the tree's secret. The tree does its best with that it has, and is satisfied. While doing its best the miracle takes place, and you find a leaf, a fragrant blossom, a ripe apple. You are surprised, for how could they come from such a soil? Still, there they are, and if you taste the apple you will see that it is ripe and delicious. So, from the commonplace of life the soul, when its roots are embedded in the rich soil of faith, can evolve a character very like an angel's. Common tears and common smiles and common struggles can, like a ripe apple, give us such a shape of symmetry that God will welcome us to Heaven with a "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Second, I thought of something else and something graceful came into my mind. The tree was tired and troubled, and perhaps a bit discouraged, as we are all apt to be at times. The leaves, the blossoms, the fruit, and what then? Have I learned my lesson in full, or is there more to know? The nipping frost will come, and the tree will be laid to rest, and after that the orchard will have its covert of snow and will fall asleep, as I shall also. No more leaves, no more blossoms, no more fruit? Has the whole story been told? Does it end all time as it ends the year? Not with the apple tree certainly—yet why with me? Shall I fall with the tree or continue to flourish?

There is a spring, a glorious spring ahead. The snows will melt, the frost will be killed by sunshine, the spring ground will wake up, the warm rains will start the sap in that old trunk once more, there will be new leaves waving above the grave of the fallen, new blossoms in place of those which have faded, and apples, and new fruit in the new year.

And as for myself? If I have resembled the tree thus far, shall the resemblance cease when the frost comes? Do I bear fruit but once? Then were it scarce worth my while to bear fruit at all. For me, too, there is a spring—the spring of immortality—and in that better life I shall grow as here I cannot grow, and bear such fruit as I have never yet dreamed of. The grave is simply my winter.

And when I wake, I shall be a new man, not my body, but my soul. The thought is a benediction and an inspiration. I seem like one who is ready to drop by the wayside through sheer weakness of spirit, but who, when he is called to his feet, strikes new heart of courage.

Out of the commonplace of this earthly life, accepted in good faith as from the providence of God, and with prayerful and careful study, is shaped that character which must have an immortal life for its further development. The man who faces to-day with calm resignation and keeps a high purpose in mind will find that heaven has come to him before it is time for him to go to heaven.

## Two Hard Games.

From Harper's Bazar. The golfer—You must acknowledge that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball a hundred yards—

The farmer—Don't require half ex much skill ez it does t' drive a pig fifty feet."

## Horrible Thought.

From the Indianapolis Journal. Weary Watkins—"Not are you looking so sore about boy?"

Hungry Higgins—"It struck me mind dat I'm like wotter, 'cause I never run a hill."

row remains to see whether the Laurier administration will give to their expressed wish the force of legislative enactment. As premier Laurier himself is from Quebec it places him in rather an awkward situation, politically, and it will be interesting to see whether he regards himself really as premier or as representative only of Quebec.

## Ingallsesque.

From the Boston Herald. Speaking of the effect of war on politics, John James Ingalls observes that it scales off the stucco from ancient errors, peels off the varnish from venerable institutions, and the veneer from the Turnpikes of statesmanship, and leaves states and nations in the state of nature. All of which doesn't mean much, but it is thoroughly Ingallsesque in language and conception.

## Why Is This Thus?

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Forty-eight days ago the Democratic state convention of Missouri adopted a platform emphasizing free silver. The fact has been totally suppressed in the columns of the St. Louis Democratic dailies. They are either ashamed or afraid of the plank, and refuse to say which.

## Like an Apple Tree.

George H. Hephworth, in the New York Herald.

For every tree is known by his own fruit.—St. Luke, vi, 43.

The word tree occurs in the Bible many scores of times. It seems to lend itself with peculiar grace and force to any reference to the spiritual nature of man. The good are compared to trees on a river's bank, where sustenance is plentiful, their roots striking deep into the rich soil and their branches bearing abundant fruit. The wicked are referred to as a barren soil whose roots are parched with thirst and whose branches bear nothing better than withered fruit.

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From your poor and ordinary life you can produce results which rival those of the tree when you learn the tree's secret. The tree does its best with that it has, and is satisfied. While doing its best the miracle takes place, and you find a leaf, a fragrant blossom, a ripe apple. You are surprised, for how could they come from such a soil? Still, there they are, and if you taste the apple you will see that it is ripe and delicious. So, from the commonplace of life the soul, when its roots are embedded in the rich soil of faith, can evolve a character very like an angel's. Common tears and common smiles and common struggles can, like a ripe apple, give us such a shape of symmetry that God will welcome us to Heaven with a "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Second, I thought of something else and something graceful came into my mind. The tree was tired and troubled, and perhaps a bit discouraged, as we are all apt to be at times. The leaves, the blossoms, the fruit, and what then? Have I learned my lesson in full, or is there more to know? The nipping frost will come, and the tree will be laid to rest, and after that the orchard will have its covert of snow and will fall asleep, as I shall also. No more leaves, no more blossoms, no more fruit? Has the whole story been told? Does it end all time as it ends the year? Not with the apple tree certainly—yet why with me? Shall I fall with the tree or continue to flourish?

There is a spring, a glorious spring ahead. The snows will melt, the frost will be killed by sunshine, the spring ground will wake up, the warm rains will start the sap in that old trunk once more, there will be new leaves waving above the grave of the fallen, new blossoms in place of those which have faded, and apples, and new fruit in the new year.

And as for myself? If I have resembled the tree thus far, shall the resemblance cease when the frost comes? Do I bear fruit but once? Then were it scarce worth my while to bear fruit at all. For me, too, there is a spring—the spring of immortality—and in that better life I shall grow as here I cannot grow, and bear such fruit as I have never yet dreamed of. The grave is simply my winter.

And when I wake, I shall be a new man, not my body, but my soul. The thought is a benediction and an inspiration. I seem like one who is ready to drop by the wayside through sheer weakness of spirit, but who, when he is called to his feet, strikes new heart of courage.

Out of the commonplace of this earthly life, accepted in good faith as from the providence of God, and with prayerful and careful study, is shaped that character which must have an immortal life for its further development. The man who faces to-day with calm resignation and keeps a high purpose in mind will find that heaven has come to him before it is time for him to go to heaven.

## The False.

From the Chicago Post. "Woman's crowning glory is her hair,"

The quaker—"Not now," returned his pessimistic friend.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"In many cases now women are crowning glory is in some other woman's hair."

"Hungry Higgins—"It struck me mind dat I'm like wotter, 'cause I never run a hill."

## OCTOBER.

October is the treasurer of the year. And all the months pay bounty to her store: The fields and orchards still their tribute bear; And fill her brimming coffers more and more. But she, who wears no crown of gold, Spends all her wealth in garments bold Of scarlet, purple, red and gold.

She heedeth not how swift the hours fly, But smiles and sings her happy life along; She only sees above a shining sky, She only hears the breezy voice in song. Her garments trail the windlands through, And gather praise and love and song. That sparkle still the regal sun Creeps up and steals them every one.

But what cares she that jewels should be lost, When all of Nature's bounteous wealth is hers? Though princely fortunes may have been her cost, Not one regret her calm demeanor stirs. Whole-hearted, happy, careless, free, She lives her life as joyously, Nor cares for Frost's shivering way And turns her absent looks to gray.

## HARVEST GLADES.

Praise be Thine, eternal King, Young and old "Heaven's" King; The harvest glades are glowing, The golden sheaves are bowing. At the beautiful harvest-time: Angel voices high are blending, "Praise our Father in the field!" In a rural vale so good: Hear us, while we faintly render Praise for mercies kind and tender.

Lord, 'tis Thine almighty hand, That envelopes the radiant land, That the pastures feed the solid, In a rural vale so good: Shining vineyards, hilltops heavy, Woods abound the harvest-time: Where the orchard-blossoms are blowing, Praise for sun and praise for dew, Praise for love and praise for new! Praise for bounteous harvest shed, That the children may be fed, Praise our Father in the field, Praise our Father in the field, Praise our Father in the field, Praise our Father in the field.

Old and young their